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V.L. Stump

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For Me

John Schmidt



Personal Meditation

C. R. Heisey



The Emphatic "Ought"

S. L. Brengle

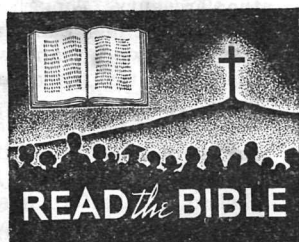


A Persistent Partner and a Cursing Woman

J. W. Montgomery



Foreign Missions



Enlarged facsimile

BUILDING

We are building today, building for aye,
Building, building, to pass away;
Stubble, wood, hay, to die and decay,
Or building, building with things of worth
A building to last past the passing of earth.

Building, building; one with a jest;
One with an earnest thought in the breast;
One heaping high in the stubble in play;
One with jewels, lasting for aye;
One with laughter; one with prayer;
One with carelessness, one with care;
Building, building, each one we see,
Building for time or eternity!

Soon, O soon, if in earnest or jest,
The house we are building must stand the
test.

The fire of proving will fall at last,
The fire of consuming the worthless past,
The fire that will banish both stubble and
hay,
The fire that will brighten what's built for
aye.

O listen, my heart! With stubble in hand,
What art thou building upon the land?
Cast thou aside the things of earth,
Reach for the heavenly things of worth.
What shall it profit to gain earth's whole,
And lose at last thy redeemed soul?

Better be earnest, and leave thy jest,
Better build with a solemn breast;
Better with tears, better with prayer,
Better with suffering, grief, and care
Build for heaven, for truth, for duty;
So shalt thou build with marvelous beauty;
And the fire of testing that burns the hay,
Will leave thee a mansion unmarred for aye.
—Selected.

"The Rule Stands for All"

A CLERGYMAN of the Church of England has written months ago to the *Toronto Globe and Mail*, not what he thinks, but what the Lord Himself has said about the divorce and remarriage question. This came out at a time when the British Empire practically was stirred all over by the threatening clouds of discussion over what was right, what was best, what was convenient, what was good law and good gospel in regard to the proposed marriage of two very prominent characters. The marriage went over, but without the sanction of either the Church or State.

Bitter words were said and published at this time, and it is very likely that many persons, though silent at the present time, have not changed their minds at all regarding the subject. One ex-soldier said in our hearing in a public place, "If they want to marry, let them marry, I say." It became our duty to put in a little word, and to call attention to the responsibility of the Church of England at such a time. The discussion stopped, and there was an admission that this was true. Here is what the clergyman wrote to the city paper:

In St. Mark's Gospel, chapter 10, verses 11 and 12, are these words:

"And he (Christ) saith unto them, Whosoever shall put away his wife, and marry another, committeth adultery against her. And if a woman shall put away her husband, and be married to another, she committeth adultery."

The rule of the Church of England not to marry divorced people, is based upon this passage. There can be no such term as "persecution" applied to that.

Even the Archbishop of Canterbury has no authority whatever to grant any dispensation from that rule. It does not matter whether the person connected is prince or pauper, the rule stands for all members of the Church of England, clergy and laity alike.

There is really nothing more to say after the Lord Jesus has put His divine stamp on a thing. The Anglican clergyman has not muddled the matter by a lot of human counsel as so many men of the cloth have done in the course of the last fifty years since the divorce mill broke away from control and is now running day and night to fill orders for new husbands and new wives. So many times the news comes with pictures of some actress and her "new husband." Now that is a very orderly way to announce the situation when the sixth commandment has been broken to smithers, if "orderly" means "smoothly."

The Lord said what He had to say with some unusual punch to it, so much so that the "brethren" thought He was stating

what was out of reason. This thought has prevailed to this day. The war is still on. "Sacredness" is out of the dictionary of modern marriage-mongers. It is now a matter of convenience, compatibility, temperamental balance, "fad" agreement; furniture and fixture and finance, of course, for a fellow who cannot raise the budget to please the modern Jezebel is fit to be shot at sunrise.

How far from purity, chastity, modesty, true womanliness and manliness have the members of the human family drifted! We are speaking of morals. What shall we say about the question of true piety, Christian purity, scriptural holiness? The world says, "away with them from the face of the earth." We will have to stick by the Book. "The rule stands"—W. T. P.

The Savior's Offer

Jesus Saith Come Unto Me:—

1. For pardon. (Eph. 1:5, 6, 7).
2. For comfort (Isa. 51:2, 3).
3. For health (Matt. 8:16, 17).
4. For strength (Phil. 4:13).
5. For holiness (John 15:4, 5).
6. For peace (John 14:27).
7. For joy (John 15:10, 11).
8. For rest (Matt. 11:28).
9. For happiness (Prov. 13:17, 18).
10. For eternal life (John 6:47).

—Selected.

"That Wretched Tract"

Edith Goreham Clarke

HOW often these words, or the thought lying behind them have been in the minds of those to whom a tract or Gospel leaflet has been offered—yet countless numbers of men and women have been won for God through Gospel tracts so let us banish cowardice, persevere in our efforts!

To name but a few of the better known men who have been won for Christ through tracts, there are Hudson Taylor, the founder of the China Inland Mission; Prebendary Carlile, founder of the Church Army, which has influenced untold numbers for Christ; and Prebendary Webb-Peploe, whose Keswick addresses have brought light and liberty to thousands.

An old negro was once given a tract by a minister of the Gospel, who afterwards asked him what he thought of it. "Oh, Massa," was the reply, "it do my soul good. I never knew before why dey call 'em 'tracks'—but when I read de lil book, it tracks me dis way, and it tracks me dat way. When I go into de barn, it tracks me dere; when I go into de house, it tracks me dere. It tracks me everywhere I go, and now I knows why dey cell 'em tracks."

A tract was once slipped prayerfully down a coal grating. A very unfruitful place, one is inclined to think; but "little is

much when God is in it." A woman coming to fill her scuttle, noticed the paper lying on top of the pile of coal, and was arrested by the title. She picked it up, and read it. Being convicted of sin, she went upstairs, put on her hat, and went straight out to the nearest vicar's house. He was a man of God, and had the joy of leading her then and there to the Savior.

One Monday morning, a Scotswoman was hanging out her washing, when a neatly-folded tract was blown over her wall. She picked it up, and it seemed to her to contain a message straight from Heaven. Not only she herself, but others, too, were brought to Christ through the result of reading that wind-blown tract!

During the progress of one of the great revivals, a slip of paper, with the words: "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions," was handed to a man as he left one of the meetings, by a lady whom he never saw again. The man was in deep gloom, feeling he could never be saved. He showed it to his wife, asking her if she thought it could be true of him. "It must be," she replied, "because God says it in His Word."

After a moment more of silence his face lit up, as he said: "I will sign my name to it as true, and true for me." From that moment all was peace, and he lived for seven years in the faith that God had blotted out his transgressions by the precious Blood of Christ. The lady who gave that slip of paper may have gone away from the meeting discouraged that she could do so little. She will probably never know on earth the consequences of her simple act, but at His Coming what gladness will thrill her soul to find that she led at least one soul to her Lord through the giving of that leaflet.

Oh, that we might realize more and more the power of the printed page in these last days! While distributing tracts on the occasion of a civic procession in Manchester, a friend encountered told of a merchant known to him—who had shortly before received a tract from the one who was distributing them in the street. Struck by its title, he stopped and read it through, removed his hat, and took Christ as his Saviour on the spot. On arriving home he put matters right there, then called on his accountant, and told him that as a Christian he felt that his firm's return to the Government did not conform to that which Scripture made clear to be right. He must therefore amend it, and pay a substantial sum to the Treasury. Though the accountant demurred, the merchant had a new income tax return drawn up, and went to London, saw the authorities there, and peace reigned in his heart!

Nat only for the sake of individuals, but for the sake of the welfare of our country, there is a great need for this work. The Bishop of Thetford has said: "Thirty million souls go to no place of worship in England." Can we not reach this vast multitude by the printed tract or Gospel booklet, or at any rate, a part of it? "God is searching for His jewels in the dust-heaps of the world, and He wants hands to find them." Will you yield your hand to Him for the work of tract distribution?

—Selected.

For Me

John Schmidt

HAVE you ever thought of Barabbas after he was released by Pilate? Under sentence of death for rebellion and murder, facing the grim certainty of crucifixion, he saw the prison doors open in response to the cry of the Jerusalem mob, "Release unto us Barabbas!" Someone let his imagination follow this man as he quickly found a few of his cronies, with whom he proceeded to celebrate his escape from death. So the hours passed. It was Good Friday. And Barabbas, staggering drunkenly from a tavern, was caught in a crowd that pushed its way to the city's gate. What was the reason for all this excitement? Barabbas was not left to wonder long, for soon he could see three crosses standing upon the Place of the Skull, each bearing its tragic burden. Such sights were not unfamiliar to his ruffian eyes, and Barabbas pushed his way roughly through the crowd that he might view more closely the victim's suffering. In the midst of a ribald comment to a companion, Barabbas was caught by the eye of that Man on the middle cross. Something he saw there wiped the drunken grin from his face. Something that was stronger than the wine he had been drinking sobered him and Barabbas cried, "Jehovah God! That's my cross He is dying on!"

That is only a fancy of what might have happened, but it is a true portrait of many a man who has come face to face with the Crucified. And not until we echo his cry do we know the Gospel's message to our lives. The very heart of Good Friday, the heart of the entire message of God to man, lies in our realization of the truth, "That's my cross He's dying on!"

The ancient prophecy tells us that "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him and with His stripes we are healed." I wish that these pronouns might be printed in heavy type in every Bible, that each reader might be directed at once to this amazing mystery of divine love. We shall never understand the event on Calvary until we see both our personal need and God's personal offer, and we can see neither until we see the Lord bearing the chastisement of our peace upon Himself in order that we might be redeemed.

I.

The Cross reveals our personal need. Of course, I do not mean that God waited until the crucifixion of His Son to tell us of our need of Him. We do not read far in the pages of Genesis before we find man in rebellion against God, a rebellion that can end only in disaster unless God intervenes. Almost every page of the Bible tells us either of sin or its conse-



Our readers will note the rather disheartening news from the African Field, contained in a letter to this paper from Bro. H. H. Brubaker, Superintendent of the African work. We who live in America can not comprehend the depth of superstition found in the African native with which our missionaries are daily confronted. Nevertheless, we are rejoiced that even though these reports paint a rather dark picture, it gives no indication that the missionary is discouraged. He knows that the Cross of Christ and the light of the Gospel will eventually conquer the darkness and superstition of the centuries, and bring those hitherto held in the grip of Satan, out into the freedom and glorious light of the Gospel.

Reading a letter from Bro. Dick, the Superintendent of our India Missions, brings the news that the river was now within a few feet of the church at Supaul and the building would be torn down in an effort to salvage all the material possible from this structure.

All of these things, of course, bring problems to the missionary and to the church as well. Some one has said that it would be a good thing for Christianity if, once every century, an earthquake would shake down all the church buildings. That may be putting it in a little different light than we usually think of it; and yet, out of adversity and misfortune, there has usually risen a greater city, a greater country and, by the grace of God, we trust a greater work for Christ.

This is a good time for our people to write these missionaries a personal letter and to bring encouragement and help to them in a material way, that the work may go forward speedily and the cause of Christ triumph.

quences. In the Psalter we find the oft-repeated wail of the human heart that has failed to find the answer to its needs until that need has been supplied by a gracious God. And nature speaks to us with the same voice. Within is the turbulent and inescapable strain for that which we never find. We attempt to crowd it out with work; we try to bury it with pleasure; we seek to evade it by running away—but still the hunger of our heart insists that it must be heard. Within is distress; without is horror. For how else can we describe that which our eyes see? The animal creation is red with the blood shed in a never-ceasing struggle of the weak to defend themselves from assault. Even plants live only by pitiless conquest of their fel-

lows. Each lives at the expense of another. And when we turn to the crown of creation, man, we see a still more horrible sight. One column of the daily paper tells us of the cold blooded slaughter of women and children by "heroic" aviators who wear the uniform of a "great" nation; another reports of a vicious child-murder by some sexual pervert; everywhere we see the veneer of culture thrown off as man descends below the level of the brute. Here is an employer of labor who attempts to crush workers who protest intolerable conditions, even though this requires the employment of professional thugs and murderers (as revealed by an investigation of the United States Senate recently); and there we have ruthless labor leaders threatening those who do not yield to them and, by their reckless actions, endangering the lives of many more who are not even remotely concerned in the struggle. Surely we do not need the authority of the Scriptures to tell us that "all we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way" (Isa. 53:6).

Yet it is significant that these very words occur in the prophecy of the suffering Savior. For it is at the Cross we see most clearly the prison in which our acts have locked us. "Like sheep"—what a picture that gives of our condition apart from God. Weak, defenceless, fearful, easily bewildered—these are among the more prominent characteristics of sheep. An easy prey to coyotes and wolves, apt to be frightened by a tumbleweed, frequently stampeded to death in unseen gullies—am I like that? And a clear vision of my heart, as revealed by the dazzling light of the Cross, forces me to admit the truth of the accusation.

The Cross forbids us to take sin lightly, for it stands throughout time as a memorial to the fact that God takes sin very seriously. Sin, at which "moderns" smile, was directly responsible for the most tragic hour in history.

There are two ways I may know how expensive a watch my companion buys. One is to look at the price tag. The other is to watch how much money he pays the clerk. Sin bears no price tag, for Satan is far too clever to frighten away timid customers, but we can see how much sin cost God. Our minds stagger at the immensity of the divine sacrifice. Only eternity will enable us to view adequately the length and the breadth, the height and the depth of His gift.

The Cross forbid that we should overlook our own sin. We who compose the respected and respectable element in society need this particularly. We are "reasonably" unselfish, generous, law-abiding, and religious. We shudder at the mention of such sins as murder and robbery. And that means we are very likely to stand with the Pharisee as he prays, "O God, I thank Thee that I am not like other men."

(Luke 18:11). But the Cross shatters such complacency, for the Crucifixion was caused by "good" men. The moral leaders of a very religious people screamed for His death. Men who were the proud defenders of law and order sentenced and executed Him. A large part of the crowd that stood and watched Him die had traveled many weary miles that they might observe the divine Law and bring their sacrifices to the Temple. What a web of polite sins entangled these men. The envy and self-righteousness of the Pharisee, the selfishness and lust for power of the Herodians and the cold indifference of Pilate all played a role. How often have you and I been guilty of the same sins! And that warns us that if we had lived in the Palestine of the First Century instead of the Western World of the Twentieth, we might have been among those who thirsted for the blood of the world's Savior. In a moment of clear vision we have perhaps echoed the words of a poet (whose name I do not know):

*"I see the crowd in Pilate's Hall,
I mark their wrathful mien;
Their shouts of 'Crucify!' appall,
With blasphemy between.*

*"And of that shouting multitude,
I feel that I am one;
And in that din of voices rude,
I recognize my own."*

And then we have stifled the voice of conscience and tried to excuse ourselves on the ground that we are still "good" people who command the respect of our neighbors! But how flimsy are such excuses in the face of the chill blast from Calvary! Sin, any sin, even the most "trivial," is deadly. The Cross testifies to that in unmistakable language. Entangled in its coils, but startled to an awareness of our need, we can only cry to a merciful God for pardon and release.

II.

It is not enough, that, when we gaze upon the cross, we see the greatness of our own need. Recognition of his sin does not save any man. Neither does hatred of that sin. Read again the story of the most tragic figure in the Passion history, Judas Iscariot. No one can follow the narrative without being deeply touched. Judas was guilty of the blackest betrayal in history and yet Judas shrank from the consequences of his own act. To use the words of St. Matthew, he "repented himself, and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders, saying, I have betrayed innocent blood" (Matt. 27:3, 4). I wonder if we may not see in this remorse the unmeasured mercy of God reaching into the deepest depths in order that this man too might share in the forgiveness so freely provided on the Cross? Judas Iscariot might have stood forth as a supreme monument to the limitless grace

of the Savior. He, with St. Paul, might have preached, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief" (1 Tim 1:15). But Judas could not believe that the mercy of Christ might reach so far, and instead of returning to Him Whose lifeblood was being poured out for sin, Judas went into the darkness and hanged himself. One thing he lacked. Not a knowledge or a hatred of his sin, but Judas Iscariot did not have faith, or, to put it in other words, he did not see the Gospel of the Cross as a personal offer of salvation.

Long years ago the Wise Man of the Old Testament remarked that "of making of many books there is no end" (Eccl. 12:12). Yet there is a little book that should be published, for it would, I am certain, bring much comfort to men's hearts. It would be a very personal book, not intended for public reading, but rather to furnish a basis for individual meditation and praise. This book would reprint some of the great promises of the Scriptures, but with a very personal application. Every "whosoever" and "every one" would be translated "me". For example, John 3:16 would read, "For God so loved me that He gave His only begotten Son that I who believe in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." Instead of reading, "For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved" (John 3:17), we would find, "For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn me, but that I through Him might be saved."

But whether such a book ever appears or not, you and I should read the promises of God with just such a personal application. For that is the greatness of the Gospel, that it is God's personal redemptive message to every human being. Each of His promises is as truly mine as though He had written my name into each one. We need that very personal application of the mercy of God that will enable us to rejoice, not merely in the love of God toward the whole world, but in His love for us.

The Protestant Reformation really began when a young monk in an Erfurt cloister came to an older companion and told him of his burdened conscience. The elder monk listened and finally asked, "Do you believe in the forgiveness of sins?" "Yes, of course. I confess it daily in the Creed." "But you do not really believe it," said his counsellor. "You believe in the forgiveness of sins for David and Peter and the thief on the cross, but you do not believe in the forgiveness of sins for yourself. You will not find peace until you can say, 'I believe in the forgiveness of my sins.'" And when Martin Luther had made that personal appropriation of God's Grace in Christ, the rebirth of Biblical Christian-

ity had begun. For always, this individual acceptance is the door through which a man enters into a life of Christian service.

"I believe in the forgiveness of my sins." Have you learned that supreme lesson at the foot of the Cross? If you have found there only the depth of your need, you are of all men most miserable. But if the gracious Savior speaks to you also of His love and compassion and if you accept His mercy, you will rejoice and say,

*"Upon the Cross of Jesus
Mine eyes at times can see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me;*

*And from my smitten heart with tears
Two wonders I confess—
The wonders of His glorious love
And my unworthiness."—Selected.*

A Noble Purpose

TODAY when a young man distinguishes himself by doing some noble deed, the question is, "Who are his parents?" or "Whose son is he?" "Where does he hail from?" or some like question. No one can tell who Daniel's parents were, but we can tell pretty correctly what they were. A boy as he was must have had God-fearing parents. He, with his three companions, was carried away from home and friends. Heathen names were given to them, but they could not make them heathens or idol worshippers at heart.

Daniel proposed in his heart not to defile himself by eating the king's meat. Note this was not a lip resolution, but a heart purpose, the choice of his will.

Every reader knows in some measure, the vital importance of a heart in relation to physical life. "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life" (Prov. 4:23). Many resolutions are merely lip action, and prove a failure.

Daniel's purpose needed Daniel's God behind it.

Apart from the enormous waste of money spent for whiskey, tobacco and the kindred evil it is heart-rending to see the young lives of our boys (and girls) sapped by cigarettes, cigars, and various other sinful practices. Daniel purposed in his heart, and was richly rewarded for his stand. All blessings of prosperity and promotion came to him.—Selected.

Discouragement

THE inclination to discouragement is to be resisted like any other temptation. The moral features of a faint-heartedness and despair are not so palpable as in most other temptations, but they are none the less real. The distrust that leads to discouragement and hopelessness is the opposite of faith. Say to yourself: I have a duty in this matter. I cannot yield to this

Personal Meditations

C. R. Heisey

NINETEEN THIRTY-NINE is well started but it is not too late for us to take an inventory of our purposes. Perhaps it is well to review our resolutions made on New Year's Day before the year is any farther gone to see how well our well made plans have been adhered to. Shall we first look at ourselves—

Who am I? Perhaps I do not know. Well, let the poet mention a few things for our inspiration:

*"I am only one—but, I am one,
I can not do everything—but, I can do something;*

What I can do, I ought to do:

What I ought to do, God helping me,

By His Grace, to the best of my ability I will do."

I have being because God made me in His own image and likeness. I have personality because the spirit of the Almighty was inbreathed into my being. I have the power of choice. I can either choose to continue in sin and miserably deface both the image and the personality which God gave me, or I can choose to be made righteous and thereby adorn the person of God Himself and be as God intended—the crown of creation—and an implement in His hands for promoting righteousness.

Where am I? I ought to be able to say—I am where I am because of the conviction that what I am doing is a part of God's program. I ought to be in His Church, engaged in some phase of Her activities, finding my chief delight in doing His will. I am indebted to the Church in many ways. Especially for her rich contribution to my spiritual welfare in the years that have passed. I ought to be interested that She will continue to provide a spiritual haven to the oncoming generation of boys and girls who are entering upon life in a world that is no less cruel than the world that I found upon entering the portals of time within its confines.

I know that a paramount consideration for success is enthusiasm, therefore I shall be enthusiastic for the program of the

hopelessness without moral fault and harm. I have no business to give up. I have a clear call to overcome these unfavorable circumstances. Many a man and woman simply need the tonic cheer of this thought to change entirely their perspective. The physicians often say: "As long as there is life there is hope," and there is hope. We never know when the tide is going to turn or when our seeming failures are to become successes.—*The Watchman-Examiner.*

Church. I shall say, "This is our Church. We are a people of God. We have a work to do that is none other's. It will remain undone if we do not do it. There are souls entrusted to our care who may never enter God's Kingdom unless we do our best. Our Leader and Guide is God. We are the sheep, He is the shepherd. We need to be enthusiastic concerning His plans. It is not ourselves but His and Him that should occupy our most serious consideration; only us in so far as we are His property and stewards of His work. I have a responsibility in assuming my share of the work entrusted to us. I can't run it, but I can run with the others, before Him who is our Head and Savior, thereby attaining the success that is pleasing to Him."

I know that discouragement is most damaging to success in any endeavor. Therefore, its opposite, trust, shall be inscribed on the banner ever floating from the mast head of my soul. I shall encourage others to be enthusiastic about trusting God with implicit faith that His work will prosper because of our faithfulness to Him who is ever faithful. I know that a symptom of faith is anticipation. I shall enter upon this program expectantly and live in the expectation that fruit for the Master shall be the result of our efforts. He does not fail. If our program fails it is because we fail, and not Him, who is our ever victorious Captain.

I know that it is essential that we be most particular about us, ourselves, and our relationships with God. It shall be my determination not to be found guilty of failure to find my place in His vineyard, so that with open face I may look up, labor and lift under the smiling approval of Him who hath called and who has provided us preparation to appear blameless and spotless at the final presentation before His Father's throne. I know that the easiest thing in the world is criticizing those who do. It doesn't require any of the grace of God. Nor does it require much intelligence. It is usually ignorance of all facts or blindness to truth that makes for efficiency in the criticizer. It is certain to secure the assistance of Satan. His chief tool is imagination. He provides strength and equipment for the job for he knows that a people seeing the faults of others cannot see their Guide and therefore need not be feared in opposing his progress against the favor of God in and among men. I know that God's business is done by sons of Adam and not angels else He would have more perfect business men. I shall therefore be careful how I fault those whom He is preparing and using in preparation to present a faultless church be-

fore the presence of His glory when He comes in all His greatness with all of the holy angels with Him.

I know that there will always be babes in Christ among us. I shall therefore be careful in my concern for the cause to bear such conduct as not to be numbered among those classed by our Lord as deserving a millstone necklace as part of their swimming apparel. Rather, I shall go on unto perfection that the love of God may be shed abroad in my heart that the multitude of sins, of error, of weakness in my brethren may be hidden under the robe that covereth.

In view of the inspiring message that has so recently come to us at our Youth Conference, that this is "God's Hour" and that we are God's instruments of blessing, or the devil's instrument of wrecking, our fellowmen in these trying times, I want to awake to righteousness and sin not by the thoughtless conduct of the careless. I am aware that this is no time for weakness. This is no time for the "sunshine soldier and summer patriot." The next gale that comes from the skies may bring to us the sound of a trumpet. I want to be found fighting—not my fellowmen—but sin, that cruel monster, whose master is lord of murmuring. I remember how he hinders even the helpful, keeping the whole company of criticizers out of Canaan forever, and everybody else for forty years. I want ever to remember him as the hinderer and accuser of the brethren and do not want to be found serving him in any of those capacities.

I think it would be terrible if we failed to gain entrance to heaven ourselves with our own immortal soul and also hinder others from getting there because of our failure to harmonize with heaven's wishes that men and women live in harmony with each other. Those were the thoughts of God sung by the angels: His glory, our chief aim, peace with Him and our fellowmen, His desire and joy. If, as our editor suggested, we accept the challenge of "a thousand souls for Christ" during the coming year, the time and place to start is with me, now and here. I want to live prayerfully, hopefully, thoughtfully, joyfully. I shall let "O Lord, me", mean the beginning of revival among a multitude.

To all I would say—let us humble ourselves before, and call earnestly upon our mighty God, for He will hear us if in this spirit we pray, and we will have good success in our experience and in His service. We will have found happiness. The Lord will have found diligent servants. Souls will soon be found coming into the kingdom, and the Church of which we are a part will be going on to glorious victory. Let us go on! There is much land ahead to be possessed yet. God can if he can find the willing man, and men. May it be us as we stand together as one man in Christ Jesus.

The Emphatic "Ought"

Commr. S. L. Brengle

A brief article based on Luke 18:1—"Men ought always to pray, and not to faint."

THAT little "ought" is emphatic. It implies obligation as high as Heaven and deep as hell, and is inescapable. Jesus said: "Men ought always to pray," and added, "and not to faint."

A thousand times that text has encouraged me to pray. I confess I do not always feel like praying. There are times when my feelings are numb, when I do not seem to have access to the Heavenly Father in prayer, when I find it difficult to pray, and, judging by my feelings, there is no one listening to my prayer, and these words have stirred me to pray: I ought to pray—I ought always to pray, and I should not grow faint in praying.

Really, *prayer is more than saying words*. It's the expression of earnest desire. But sometimes I have felt that my desires were not in earnest, and then I have searched myself and have realized that while emotionally my desires were not earnest, volitionally they were. Down in the depths of my being, deeper probably than my emotions, I desired the things for which I was praying.

And then, I have been helped to pray with this assurance. "Your labor is not in vain in the Lord." Paul tells us in Colossians 4:2 that Epaphras labored fervently always in prayer for his brethren, that they might "stand perfect and complete in all the will of God."

Prayer, then, is a form of work. In my early years I worked, and worked hard, and often went to work not feeling a bit like working. But I expected results from my work regardless of my feelings. The farmer often plows his fields when he does not feel like it, but he confidently expects a crop from his labors, and he realizes that he *ought* to plow his fields.

Now, if prayer is a form of work, and our labor is not in vain in the Lord, then we ought to pray *regardless of our feelings*. If we can pray fervently, with warm emotions, all the better; but if we cannot, we should still pray and not grow faint-hearted.

Only recently, when I knelt for morning prayer, I felt a sort of a deadness in my soul—no fervor, no access in prayer, and just then, the accuser of the brethren ("which accused them before our God day and night"—Rev. 12:10) became very busy; he reminded me of the things that had long since been under the Blood, and shot fiery darts at me. I could only cry to God for help, and then the Blessed Comforter reminded me that the Blood had long since covered my sins and washed me clean from their guilt and pollution, and

reminded me that I must not cast away my confidence, that my Great High Priest was pleading my case, and that I must come boldly to the Throne of Grace.

This I did and the enemy was routed. My emotions were liberated, my spirit was free, and oh, what a blessed time of communion I had with God!

If I had fainted instead of fighting the good fight of faith, the battle would have been lost, gloom would have settled upon me like a thick cloud and enshrouded my soul.

William Bramwell, an early Methodist preacher whose ministry was mightily used in the saving and sanctifying of souls, and who was mighty in prayer, said that he never went to secret prayer without reluctance, with feet that dragged, with a spirit that drooped; but, as he labored in prayer, his spirit revived and he found it oftentimes difficult to stop praying!

—War Cry.

Equipped for Conquest

Rev. Daniel Heitmeyer

WE have come to a time when Christianity has to rediscover within itself the resources of daring and idealism that will make us go forward when the forward road seems impossible. To retreat is to go into the arms of the enemy. To turn to the left and lose ourselves in mere social radicalism and experimentation with schemes for a new social order, or turn to the right to dead traditionalism where we can try to content ourselves with talking about the past will in either case be fatal. But to go forward is to follow the example of our Lord and His true disciples.

We claim to be a New Testament folk in our professions of faith. Dare we be so truly? Christianity began as the most daring and audacious enterprise of human history. Jesus of Nazareth, the carpenter's Son, without social prestige, without anything corresponding to a degree from any institution of learning, suspected indeed of being a disturber by the religious leaders and prominent citizens, took a handful of fishermen and peasants, who also were unlearned and simple men, and calmly proposed to them the evangelization of the world.

Vision and Courage

He prepared them for victory by a threefold equipment. First, he equipped them with vision. He imparted to them His own vision of what lay beyond the horizon of His own day. Beyond the age that trembled to the tramp of Roman legions He caused them to see the triumph

of the meek and the merciful, the pure-hearted and the peace-makers. Beyond the world that groaned under the tyranny of the Caesars he showed them the Kingdom of God. Beyond a social order divided by rivalries of race and nation, class and creed, in which birth and wealth were the means to eminence and power, and self-aggrandizement was the highest aim, He caused them to see a way of human life where righteousness should prevail, love should be the law, and service to God and humanity be the highest goal.

With that vision those early disciples could not help being missionaries. They flung themselves with divine abandon against the stupendous inertia, the armed hostility and the scoffing unbelief of the world. In two and one half centuries the handful of disciples had become more than ten million. In less than three centuries the Cross of the crucified Galilean loomed above the Caesars, and the specter of the "pale Jew" had frightened the pagan deities from their ancient shrines and temples.

Power and Progress

He equipped them with power. "Tarry ye at Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high." "And ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto me * * unto the uttermost parts of the earth." This power gave divine reinforcements to their personalities. It was the product of much tarrying before God in prayer. With that stirring of power in their souls the disciples dared anything. They were willing, literally, to be witnesses, that is to say, martyrs. The consequences of their daring may be inferred from the fact that it was charged against them that they were turning the world upside down.

Jesus equipped them with a burning imperative. "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel" expressed the state of mind, not only of Paul, but of all that heroic company. He put into their minds a sense of importance of the transcendent importance of the Kingdom. They could not sleep well for thinking of it. Neither perils by land nor sea, the gainsayings of enemies, the scoffings of unbelievers, nor the allurements and comforts of the world, could prevent them.

This has indeed been the state of mind of all great achievers in the history of the Church. To read of the multifarious labors of Wesley and Calvin and Judson makes the average minister feel like an idler. One thinks of John Knox's exclamation, "Give me Scotland or I die!" and Livingstone's, "I will go anywhere, provided it be forward," and of that modern pastor of a great modern church saying, "There will be a revival in the First Church or there will be a funeral in First Church parsonage." Luther contending with the powers of darkness so real to him that he verily believed that he saw the

devil leering at him there in Wartburg castle and hurled his ink-well at him, was the kind of man to start a reformation. No half-hearted individual would have been adequate to that great hour. * * Well does Carlyle grimly remark, "No man is adequate to do anything but is first of all in right earnest about it."

There will be no forward movement unless the Lord's people have this threefold equipment of vision, power, and earnestness. When so equipped neither slogans, nor "programs," nor petty, cheap devices will be necessary to tease them into going ahead. Indeed, when so equipped the Lord's people chaff under such restraints of mechanical schemes and childish promotional devices.

—*The Watchman-Examiner.*

The Socialist's Gospel

"THE kind of Gospel that you working men want is not—'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ'—but how to get a better house to live in and a leg of mutton for your Sunday dinner."

The inner circle, evidently the body-guard of the Socialist lecturer, wrought up a coarse cheer at this remark of their chief, who, having thus ended his attack on the preacher who stood a few yards off, stepped from the chair.

Before the crowd had time to disperse, a little man elbowed his way through, until he stood in the center of the circle. Lifting off his cap, he quietly began, "If you will listen to a working man for a few minutes, mates, I will tell you a story." Pointing with his finger to where the preacher stood, he said:

"Twelve months ago I stood in that circle half drunk, interrupting the preacher, trying to stop him by saying the things this man has been saying to you now. But he bore with me, and at the close he and another took me down that street"—pointing with his finger—"to a house with broken windows, without furniture, no fire in the grate, with only a pallet of straw in the corner, on which a broken hearted wife sat, hungry and cold. The men got a light, brought in some tea and bread, and the next morning were back at eight o'clock. They lit a fire and brought our breakfast. They spoke kindly to us, and asked me to a meeting that night.

"God met me there; I learned that Jesus Christ was able to save and keep a sinner like me, and I handed myself over to Him. Many of you know what the Gospel power has done for me, and I testify it can do the same for you. If you will come across with me to that street tonight, I will take you into a comfortable home, with a fire in the grate, and there you will see a saved and happy wife, preparing a leg of mutton for the Sunday dinner. Christ and His Gospel—not Socialism—has done all this. Praise be to His Name."

The crowd stood looking, and listening in wonder; the Socialist slunk away, and, as some saw there that trophy of grace and living witness to the Gospel's saving power, they said one to another—"That is what we need, and that alone can lift us up."

Yes, Christ can do it. There is power in the Gospel to save, power in the living Christ to raise up and give victory over sin. Neither Socialism nor any other organization can bring men to God, set them up anew, born again, to live new lives. Christ alone can save. The Gospel believed and Christ received, trusted, obeyed, is the power for the regeneration and elevation of men for time and for eternity. Reader, have YOU believed it?

Faithful Words.

Points for Preachers

THE following is a description of the kind of evangelist Rev. John C. Patty wanted when he was pastor:

1. A man personally regenerated, baptized with the Holy Spirit, called of God to do the work of an evangelist, and blameless in life and character.

2. One who was an interesting, anointed preacher, whose language was always chaste, and who, if he touched on delicate matters, did so with rare prudence and knew when to quit.

3. One who did not regale his hearers with vivid accounts of his unchastity and rascality previous to his conversion.

4. One who was not finicky or fussy about heat, cold, ventilation, late-comers, early goers, or fretful babies.

5. One who, under testing conditions, maintained his balance, kept sweet, exhibited no petulance and publicly scolded nobody, not even the devil.

6. One who had sufficient pastoral experience to have learned how to direct a church successfully, and therefore could comprehend and appreciate a pastor's problems.

7. One who could conduct a revival without calling carpenters and electricians to remodel the church.

8. One who had discovered that people need sleep, and therefore did not make his sermons unreasonably long.

9. One who preached as earnestly to the small day congregations as to the large night ones.

10. One who, in the matter of his personal, financial offering, was modest and trustful, having little if anything to say on the subject except when asked to do so by the pastor or finance committee, and accepted what was raised with equal grace, whether little or much.

11. One who was tasteful and tidy in his personal appearance, and good for refined people to look at as well as to listen to.

12. One who had little to say about his

sweet wife, dear mother, darling children, unprecedented revivals he had conducted elsewhere, or how much money he could make at some other business.

—*Good Tidings.*

The Pastor

A CAPTAIN in God's army.
A Pilot to the church on life's troubled sea.

A Consoler in the hour of bereavement.

A Comforter in life's sorrows.

A Teacher of God's priceless truth.

A Preacher of a mighty gospel.

An Administrator of the biggest business on earth.

A Financier who can do extraordinary things on a small capital.

A Shepherd to watch over the sheep of his pasturage.

A Vessel filled with the Holy Ghost.

A Chosen vessel of God to the people.

An Adventurer over dangerous territory.

A Diplomat handling ticklish problems.

An Ambassador representing his king and government.

An Example to all men.

A Man human in his contacts yet divine in his life.

An Advisor on all important issues of life.

A Judge of ecclesiastical matters.

A Lawyer for the oppressed.

An Intercessor for the lost and dying.

A Possessor for the mystery of faith as it is in Christ Jesus.

A Guide for the erring to the way of life.

A Leader for the Christians of his age.

—V. E. Tanksley, Pastor, Washington, Indiana.

Calling a Spade a Spade

A LADY once said to me, "I have got so in the habit of exaggerating that my friends accuse me of exaggerating so that they don't understand me."

She said: "Can you help me? What can I do to overcome it?"

"Well," I said, "the next time you catch yourself lying, go right to the person and say you have lied and tell him you are sorry. Say it is a lie; stamp it out, root and branch; that is what to do."

"Oh," she said, "I wouldn't like to call it lying."

But that is what it was. Christianity isn't worth a snap of your finger if it does not straighten out your character.

—*Missionary Workers' Herald.*

The Word teaches me to know the God to whom I pray. It teaches me how He would have me pray. It gives me precious promises to encourage me in prayer. It often gives me wonderful answers to prayer. The Word comes from God's heart, and brings His thoughts and love into my heart.—*Andrew Murray.*

The Evangelical Visitor

A Religious Journal

Committed to the teaching of Justification and Sanctification received by faith through the merits of the sacrifice of Christ; as our Redeemer and Lord; Divine Healing as provided in the atonement; the Second and Pre-millennial coming of Christ; and all sacred ordinances and truth pertaining to the Christian life. It is an earnest advocate of Gospel Missions at home and abroad and stands ready to espouse every good thing in Christ Jesus.

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V. L. STUMPNappanee, Indiana

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Permanent Church Headquarters

Messiah Rescue and Benevolent Home
2001 Paxton St. Harrisburg, Penn.
Attention of General Conference Secretary

MARRIAGES

CHAPMAN-WEAVER—On Jan. 10, 1939, at 1:30 P.M., Sister Lillie Vera Weaver, youngest daughter of Bro. Hiram G. and Sr. Barbara E. Weaver of near Cheapside, Ont., Can., and Mr. Edward Albert Chapman, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Chapman of near Cheapside, Ont., Can., were united in marriage at the home of the officiating minister, Bishop Bert Sherk.

May God's richest blessing rest upon them and be their Pilot through life so they will land safely in the Glory Land.

HYDE-SHERK—Lorne, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Hyde and Sr. Marjorie, daughter of Bro. and Sr. Oscar Sherk both of Stevensville,

Ont., were united in marriage on Sat. Jan. 14, 1939 at the home of the officiating minister, Bish. Bert Sherk. May the Lord bless this union for His glory.

SHELLY-GARIS—Sr. Esther Garis, daughter of the late Bro. Joseph Garis and Sr. Rachel Garis of East Broad St., Souderton, Pa., and Bro. Lester Shelly, son of Bro. and Sr. Engle Shelly of Mount Joy, Pa., were united in marriage at the Souderton Church by Eld. Fred K. Bowers on Feb. 11, 1939.

May God's richest blessing rest upon them in their journey through life.

Obituaries

KEEFER—Ruth Layonne Keefe, infant daughter of Bro. and Sr. Samuel R. Keefe, Dillsburg, Pa., departed to be with the Lord, Feb. 5, 1939.

The expectation of devoted parents met with disappointment, but they find confidence in trusting the love of a heavenly Father who permits that which is for the best only to occur for His children.

Interment was made in the Cross Roads Cemetery, Florin, Pa., with brief service conducted by Bish. C. N. Hostetter, Jr.

MICHAEL—Bro. Melvin Michael of Ridgeway, Ont., was born March 28, 1863 and departed this life on Monday Feb. 6, 1939 in his 76th year. He was a son of the late Eld. Nicholas and Sr. Anna Michael of Sherkston, Ont. He was united in marriage to Sr. Susanna Winger of Stevensville, Ont.

Early in life he sought the Lord and united with the Brethren in Christ Church of which he was a member to the end.

He is survived by his sorrowing widow and one daughter, Pearl, wife of Ernest Porter of Niagara Falls and four grandchildren. (One daughter Clara May passed away in infancy). He also leaves one sister, Ida Sherk of Ridgeway. Also his aged stepmother, Sr. Mary Michael and one half-sister, Sr. Nancy Sider of Sherkston and many other relatives and friends. Funeral services were conducted on Thursday, Feb. 9th at the home and then at the Black Creek Church by Bish. Bert Sherk and Eld. Wm. Charlton and Warren Winger. Text: Luke 12:15b.

Interment in adjoining cemetery.

SNYDER—John M. Snyder of Florin, Pa., died of a cerebral hemorrhage at his home on Thursday, Feb. 23, 1939 at the age of 64 years, 1 month and 19 days.

He was a member of the Brethren in Christ Church and a retired farmer.

His wife Sadie Snyder, and the following children survive: Harvey and Jacob, both of Lancaster; Irvin of Mount Joy; Henry of Elizabethtown; Katie, wife of Andrew Dunn, of Thompsonstown; Mary and John at home; one brother, Benjamin of East Petersburg, and one sister, Mrs. Paris Gible of Palmyra.

Funeral services were held on Sunday afternoon Feb. 26 at the Mt. Pleasant, Brethren in Christ Church, conducted by Irvin W. Musser, Rev. Christ Moyer, and Bish. Henry Kreider. Text: Rev. 7:16, 17. Interment in Mt. Pleasant cemetery.

STONER—Bro. John A. Stoner, son of Bro. Andrew and Sr. Fannie Miller Stoner, deceased, was born near Martinsburg, Blair Co., Pa., July 5, 1891, died at his home in Juniata Co., Pa., Sunday noon, Feb. 19, 1939, aged 47 years, 7 months and 14 days. This sickness was of short duration. One week prior to his death he was in S. S. and church services and at Bible Study in the evening. Monday morning he did his chores as usual. He took sick suddenly, it developed into pneumonia which proved fatal. Many times during his sickness he mentioned going higher, where we believe he is resting with his Savior, so we humbly bow to His will, knowing that God makes no mistakes and has promised to be with us, but he will be missed in the home, in the community and in the various church activities. Bro. Stoner was converted and united with the Brethren in Christ Church in his youth and was faithful till death, was a devoted husband, a loving father and made friends wherever he went.

Nov. 18, 1914 he was united in marriage to Sr. Martha E. Book, to this union were born three sons and two daughters. His wife preceded him in death almost fourteen years ago, Sept. 2, 1926, he was again united in marriage to Sr. Emma J. Lauver, to this union were born one daughter and two sons. He is survived by his wife and the following children all at home, Anna R., Glenn A., Jesse B., Mary E., and Sara Jane, three sons having

preceded him in death. The following brothers and sisters also survive, Samuel B. and Herman M. of Grantham, Irwin M. of Martinsburg, Avery E. of Aurora, N. Y., and Anna J. Angeney of Harrisburg. Short funeral services were held at the home, Feb. 22, with further services in the Lost Creek Mennonite Church in charge of Eld. Paul Goodling, assisted by Bish. Jacob Ginder and Eld. Chas. Heister. Texts: Rev. 14:13 and Matt. 24:44. His body was laid to rest in adjoining cemetery.

STONER—Joseph Andrew Stoner, son of Bro. and Sr. Joseph A. Stoner of East Berlin, Pa., was born Jan. 27th and died Jan. 28th.

The sorrowing parents, disappointed in that they were unable to keep the treasure placed in their hands, rejoice to know that he is cared for by Him who is the friend of children.

Interment was made in the Campbelltown Cemetery with brief services in charge of Bish. C. N. Hostetter, Jr.

Experience

Greetings with Psalms 107:3: "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men."

As it has been quite a long time since I last wrote to the Visitor; this morning I will try by the help of the Lord to tell a little of what He has done for me, although I feel my weakness. When I was a young girl the Lord saved me—not in any revival meeting but at a love feast which Bishop Samuel Baker, of Markham, attended here in Nottawa. At the close of the afternoon meeting he gave an invitation to any one that felt they wanted to make a start and I raised my hand for prayer. I believe that is the first conviction I ever felt and I am glad I obeyed. I often wonder how far I would have gone into sin had I not yielded at that time, as I had a proud heart and liked nice things. But the good Lord knew all about me and saved me before I wandered very far away, for which I do praise Him again and again. The older I get, the more I want to praise and thank His holy Name for saving me while I was young, because I know I have been kept from many evils.

It was in the spring of 1891 when I gave my heart to the Lord and I can truly say I have never been sorry, only I regret that I did not live nearer to Him. In the fall at our love feast time I was baptized by Bishop Samuel Baker of Markham. There were two other sisters baptized at the same time—Bishop Charles Baker's wife and a cousin of mine, Vina Baker. I shall never forget that day; how happy I was and how willing I was to follow my dear Lord. How thankful I am that He has kept me all these years in His service, yet not without trials and tests but praise His name they only brought me nearer to Him. The enemy of my soul would try to lead me away and oft-times he would say, "You never were saved because you were young and had nothing to be saved from. If you would go back in sin or the world for a while and then come to the Lord you would then have an experience like the rest." And this is the way he tried to get me to give up, but praise the Lord He did not let me give up. Oh how thankful I am today that I did not listen to him. And how good the Lord was, He always came with this promise: "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." That is the way I would get rid of the enemy of my soul. No doubt he

(Continued on page 91)



City Missions

Altoona Mission, 613 Fourth Ave., Altoona, Penn., in charge of H. G. Miller and wife.
 Buffalo Mission, 25 Hawley St., Buffalo, N. Y., in charge of E. C. Bossert and wife.
 Chicago Mission, 6039 Halsted St., Chicago, Ill., in charge of Sarah H. Bert, Supt.; C. J. Carlson, Pastor and Ass't. Supt.; Avas Carlson; Harriet Gough; Alice K. Albright; Rosa Eyster.
 Dayton Mission, 601 Taylor St., Dayton, Ohio, in charge of W. H. and Susie Boyer, Eva Dick, Angeline Cox.
 Detroit Mission, 1524 Third St., Detroit, Mich., in charge of Wm. Lewis and wife; Janna Goins; Ida Eckman; Isaac Engle and wife, 4786 Crane, Detroit, Mich.
 Messiah Light House Chapel, 1175 Bailey St., Harrisburg, Pa., in charge of Naomi Wolgemuth and Anna Wolgemuth; John L. Minter, Pastor.
 Philadelphia Mission, 3423 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia, Pa., in charge of Barbara Hitz; Emma Crider.
 San Francisco Mission, 311 Scott St., San Francisco, Calif., in charge of Walter Reighard and wife; Grace Plum.
 Welland Mission, 36 Elizabeth St., Welland, Ont., in charge of Jonathan Lyons and wife; Elizabeth Brubaker; Mary Lyons.

Rural Missions

Canoe Creek Mission, Pa., in charge of Elwood Flewelling and wife, Williamsburg, Pa., R. D.
 Gladwin, Michigan—
 Mt. Carmel, in charge of Charles Nye and wife, Emma Raser.
 Oak Grove, in charge of Melvin Stauffer.
 Houghton Mission, Rt. 1, Tillsonburg Ont., Can., in charge of Edward Gilmore and wife; Idellus Sider; Oscar Raser and wife, R. 2, Port Burwell, Ont.
 Kentucky—Albert H. Engle, Supt.
 Fairview, Ella, Ky., in charge of Hershey Gramm and wife; Sara Brubaker.
 Garlin, Ky., in charge of Albert Engle and wife; Imogene Snider.
 Home Evangel, Knifley, Ky., in charge of Isaac C. Engle and wife; Anna Mae Stauffer.
 Paddockwood Mission, Meath Park Station, Saskatchewan, in charge of Albert Cober and wife; Ruth McWilliams; Martha Sentz.
 Stowe Mission, Stowe, Pa., in charge of John A. Climenhaga and wife.

Orphanages

Messiah Orphanage, Florin, Penn., Bro. Robert B. Resconsin, Steward, and Sr. Dorothy Resconsin, Matron.
 Mt. Carmel Home, Morrison, Ill., workers in charge—Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Switzer, Docia Calhoun, Myrtle Zook.

Old Peoples' Home

Messiah Home, 2001 Paxton St., Harrisburg, Penn., Eld. and Sr. Graybill Wolgemuth, Steward and Matron.

LOVE FEASTS BRETHREN IN CHRIST

Pennsylvania

Carlisle, Cumberland District (evening) April 6
 Messiah Home Chapel, Harrisburg, (evening) April 16
 Fairland Church, Cleona, Pa., Dauphin and Lebanon District April 29, 30
 Cedar Grove Church, Juniata and Mifflin District May 20, 21
 Pequea Church, Pequea-Manor District May 20, 21
 Martinsburg, Morrison Cove District May 27, 28
 Mt. Pleasant, Rapho District May 30, 31
 Mechanicsburg, Cumberland District May 30, 31
 Elizabethtown, Donegal District May 31, June 1

PENNSYLVANIA STATE COUNCIL To Convene at Souderton April 7th

To the Church in Pennsylvania, please notice that in accordance with the wish of the Bucks and Montgomery district and the decision of the state of Pennsylvania; the Pennsylvania State Council will convene in the High School auditorium in Souderton April 7th and 8th instead of the Brethren in Christ Church on April 5th and 6th as per council ruling, all delegates please notice this change in date and place.

ANNOUNCEMENT

An Ordination service will be held in the Cedar Grove Church, Juniata Co., Pa., April 2, 1939 (D. V.) at which time Bro. and Sr. Harvey Lauver will be ordained to the ministry. We ask the prayers of the church for this service.

REPORT OF CHICAGO MISSION

Greetings be unto you:

Jesus said: "Ye are the salt of the earth, if the salt have lost its savour wherewith shall it be salted?" Matt. 5:13. We are so thankful to them who are still proclaiming the gospel to dying men and women. Our hearts are saddened for those who reject this blessed gospel of salvation and take their own way which leads to destruction. We praise God for those who have turned to God and found peace and joy in Him. Chicago is known for its vice, taverns, robbery and gambling. Across the street is a gambling den open day and night, with a man outside inviting people in. The devil is brave about his work, while God's children are often afraid, when the Lord has commanded us to be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might. We want to thank those who are praying for us.

We want to again express our thanks and appreciation to those who have given of the labor of their hands and the fruits of the earth. In November we received a special delivery letter from Bro. Clyde Shirk stating that he and Bro. Oscar Stump were coming in with a small truck of provisions for the Chicago Mission. To our amazement when the truck came it was Bro. Stump's grain truck. We remarked, "You said, only a small truck," to which Bro. Shirk replied, "Well, it isn't a moving van." Our hearts were filled with gratitude when we saw the choice vegetables, lard, pumpkins, canned fruit, canned vegetables, pickles, potatoes, flour, etc. On leaving they said they planned to send chickens for our love feast on Thanksgiving. The day before that day the fowl arrived all ready for cooking. The friends at Nappanee, Indiana, also sent in vegetables, fruits, chickens, etc. for the love feast. We express our deepest gratitude to these Indiana friends for their thoughtfulness in helping us supply the needs for His work and also in helping others. We were able to make up about twenty Christmas baskets. Our months have been filled with many duties, especially with sickness, death and sorrow.

We want to give thanks to those who have remembered us during the past months as follows: Sr. Myrtle Zook, Coleta, Ill.; Allen Longanecker, Coleta, Ill.; Mrs. Phillips, Mr. Falk, L. Carlson, Chicago; H. Crider and Abe Brand, Kans.; K. Peterman, Pa.; and other friends of the mission who gave unto the work. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me" Matt. 25:40.

We also want to thank the Guilford Sewing Circle for the lovely box of garments and the comforter sent by Mrs. Adam Knepper, Chambersburg, Pa. Their kindness shows forth His love to the needy. Thanks also to the Zion Sewing Circle, Abilene, Kansas, for the box of lovely things they so kindly sent. God bless each donor abundantly. If we have neglected to give honor to whom honor is due we beg pardon. "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show Himself strong on the behalf of those whose heart is perfect toward Him" II Chron. 16:9.

FINANCIAL REPORT

Nov. and Dec., 1938, and Jan. and Feb., 1939

Receipts

L. and H. Carlson, Chicago	\$ 6.00
In His Name	8.00
Bro. H. L. Trump, Polo, Ill.	10.00
Alice Minto	1.00
At the hand of Oscar Stump, Garrett, Ind.	5.00
Bethel S. S., Detroit, Kans.	4.61
David Martin, Dixon, Ill.	2.00
Sr. Smith	1.00
Sr. Myrtle Zook, Morrison, Ill.	1.00
George Lenhert, Abilene, Kans.	1.00
Lovefeast offering	7.61
In His Name	11.16
Y. P. Offering	6.18
Carrine Miller, Garrett, Ind.	1.00
Archie Fike, Ind.	1.00
Joel Carlson, Abilene, Kans.	2.00
Bro. and Sr. Ralaueth	1.00
Mrs. Williams, Tabor, Iowa	2.25
Locke S. S., Ind.	18.11
Bro. A. S. Krider, Milledgeville, Ill.	12.00
In His Name, Nappanee, Ind.	1.00
John Farney, Abilene Kans.	5.00
Y. P. Offering	5.06
S. E. Offering	12.76
Mr. and Mrs. K. Green, San Diego, Cal.	5.00
Sr. Vivian Baldwin	10.00
Docia Calhoun, Morrison, Ill.	2.00
Eunice Deter, Morrison, Ill.	10.00
Mary Colbert, Shannon, Ill.	1.00
Cora Albright, Shannon, Ill.	1.00
S. E. Offering	5.05
S. E. Offering	12.78
Gertrude Schicht	2.00
S. Z. Bert, Pa.	1.00
In His Name	11.46
Y. P. Offering	5.00

Total\$192.05
 Balance carried over 37.47

Total Receipts\$229.52

Expenditures

Table supplies	\$ 76.98
Electric	49.02
Gas	21.28
Incidentals and repairs	33.80

Total\$181.08
 Balance on hand\$ 48.44

Poor Fund

Bro. & Sr. Eshelman, Sedgewick, Kans.	10.00
Sr. Eva Hickerson, Sedgewick, Kans.	5.00
Eva Gingrass, Sedgewick, Kans.	5.00
Sr. Miller, Tarzana, Cal.	2.00
Mary McNeal, Chambersburg, Pa.	5.00
Broad-Casters Bible Class, Pa.	4.00
Clara Ekanger, Rockford, Ill.	5.00

Total\$ 36.00
 Food and clothing for the poor 26.44

Balance on hand\$ 9.56

Fuel Fund

Bal. forwarded from previous report	\$ 84.13
Mrs. Rabausch, Chicago	4.00
In His Name	6.00
In His Name	3.00
In His Name	6.00
In His Name	7.00
Bish. and Mrs. H. L. Trump, Polo, Ill.	25.00
Mrs. Stevenson	10.00
Hamilton, Kansas, S. S.	13.09
In His Name	10.00
In His Name	6.00

Total\$174.22

Paid out for fuel from October to Feb. 15th, 1939\$161.15

Balance on hand\$ 13.07

Greetings in Jesus' name. Pray for us.
 Sarah H. Bert and workers.

REPORT FROM BUFFALO MISSION

We shall give a brief report of the Holy Spirit at this place. We are very glad for the reality of the Spirit. It gives us courage in these trying days to know that the work is His work, and to obey Him and forge forward with Him.

There has been an increase in attendance at Sunday School and at the regular services. We had a very interesting experience with a poor family who moved in the neighborhood. It was not unusual to see the boys climb on top of automobiles,

open the doors when unlocked, and in some instances take things from the cars. The first opportunity we had we called on them. We had difficulty in obtaining an entrance, but finally received the promise that if the father, who was absent when we called, did not object, the children, numbering six, would be at Sunday school. The next Sunday just as the classes were going to their class rooms four of the older boys came in.

Well, it required all the police facilities we had to control them. They seemed deeply interested, and although rude and uninstructed seemed willing to be taught. We say this to the glory of God, after a few weeks in Sunday school, there was a decided improvement in their conduct in the community. They did not bother cars, and walked to and from school much more orderly. The Sunday School is composed chiefly of outside children, and it is interesting to see how some of them try to get their associates to come in. A number of Catholic children came, but when their parents knew they were coming to a Protestant school they took them out.

A family of people from a plain church has moved to the city and we are very glad to have them attend our services. They also seem thankful to have found our mission. They are appreciated in the Sunday School also.

The siding on the Mission had become so poor that after consulting several painters and builders it was decided to cover it with shingles. We wish to publicly thank Bro. C. V. Urban for helping in this work. He was able to buy the material for us at builder's price, which amounted to a saving for those who paid the bills. He, with his son, came in for one day to get the work properly started. The brethren came in evenings and the work was completed without any labor cost. It has made a great improvement in the comfort of the building. It has also greatly improved the appearance of the Mission. We wish to thank all who assisted both in money and in labor.

Two sisters, who had a few weeks off while changing places of work, contributed money, solicited more from some other sisters, then bought wall paper and papered several rooms in the Mission. We are very glad for the new paper, also for the work of putting it on. May the Lord bless them for their thoughtfulness and their wholehearted sacrifice.

May the blessing of the Lord rest on all who contributed to the work in any way. We appreciate those who can be depended on to do their part in supporting God's work.

Financial For August

Balance on hand—\$10.56

RECEIPTS—Sr. Anna Johnson 7.00, C. W. Bossert 6.00, Bro. and Sr. Trost 8.00, Sr. Bessie Milne 5.00, a friend 10.00, Sr. Evelyn Winger 4.00, Bro. and Sr. Hexemer 5.00, Sr. Clara Lyons 5.00, Sherkston S. S. 13.64, Bro. and Sr. Monkelbaan 5.00, Sr. Alice Blunt 5.00, Sr. L. Minor 4.00, Total 67.64.

EXPENDITURES—Provisions 47.52, sundry 7.00, gas 2.60, electric 2.58, telephone 3.00, water 1.32, Total 64.62.

Financial for September

RECEIPTS—Bro. and Sr. Trost 8.00, Sr. Pearl Winger 5.00, Sr. Etta Putman 3.00, Sr. Alice Blunt 5.00, Bro. and Sr. Monkelbaan 5.00, Bro. and Sr. J. Cline 2.00, C. W. Bossert 3.00, Sr. Annie Johnson 7.00, Bro. and Sr. Hexemer 5.00, Sr. Grace Sider 4.00, Sr. Susie Troyer 5.00, Sr. L. Minor 4.00, Sr. Bessie Milne 3.00, Sr. Clara Lyons 5.00, Total 64.00.

EXPENDITURES—Provisions 58.96, sundry 3.61, gas 1.40, electric 2.58, telephone 3.00, Total 69.55.

Financial For October

RECEIPTS—Bro. and Sr. C. W. Bossert 3.00, Bro. and Sr. Trost 8.00, Sr. L. Minor 4.00, Sr. Esther Sholtz 5.00, Sr. Bertha Putman 5.00, Bro. and Sr. Monkelbaan 5.00, Sr. Pearl Winger 5.00, Bro. and Sr. Berger 2.00, Bro. and

Sr. Hexemer 5.00, Sr. Anna Johnson 7.00, Sr. Bessie Milne 3.00, Sr. Clara Lyons 5.00, Sr. Bernice Henderson 5.00, Bro. and Sr. Baker 2.00, Bro. and Sr. Albrecht 5.00, Bro. V. Appleton \$0.25, Sr. Velma Climenhaga 2.00, Sr. Mabel Sider 4.00, Total 75.25.

EXPENDITURES—Provisions 58.23, sundry 5.76, gas 1.95, electric 2.70, telephone 3.00, Total 71.64.

Financial For November

RECEIPTS—Bro. and Sr. C. W. Bossert 6.00, Sr. Alice Blunt 3.00, Sr. Bernice Henderson 7.00, Sr. L. Minor 4.00, Sr. Melba Martin 3.00, Sr. Pearl Winger 5.00, Bro. and Sr. Trost 7.00, Bro. and Sr. Max 5.00, Sr. Clara Lyons 5.00, Bro. and Sr. Monkelbaan 5.00, Sr. Evelyn Mater 5.00, Sr. Anna Johnson 7.00, Sr. Lillian Sider 5.00, Sr. Bertha Putman 2.00, Total 69.00.

EXPENDITURES—Provisions 51.37, sundry 2.29, gas 3.25, electric 2.97, fuel 17.30, telephone 3.00, water 1.26, Total 81.44.

Financial For December

RECEIPTS—Sr. Susie Troyer 5.00, hall 4.15, Bro. and Sr. C. W. Bossert 6.00, Sr. Bertha Putman 2.00, Sr. Grace Sider 5.00, Bro. and Sr. Trost 8.00, Bro. and Sr. Hexemer 5.00, Sr. Bernice Henderson 5.00, Bro. and Sr. Monkelbaan 5.00, Sr. Anna Johnson 7.00, Bro. and Sr. Hoover 5.00, Sr. Evelyn Mater 5.00, Sr. Bessie Milne 3.00, Mr. Andert 1.00, Bros. M. and A. Sider 2.00, Sr. L. Minor 5.00, Sr. Pearl Winger 5.00, Sr. Clara Lyons 5.00, Total 81.15.

EXPENDITURES—Provisions 52.32, sundry 3.96, gas 4.25, electric 3.09, telephone 3.00, fuel 8.65, Total 75.27.

Financial For January

RECEIPTS—Sr. Mabel Sider 4.00, Bro. and Sr. C. W. Bossert 3.00, Bro. and Sr. O. H. Teel 5.00, Bro. and Sr. Trost 10.00, Sr. Alice Blunt 5.00, Bro. and Sr. Hexemer 5.00, Sr. Clara Lyons 5.00, Sr. Anna Johnson 7.00, Sr. Melba Martin 2.00, Sr. Bernice Henderson 5.00, Sr. Velma Climenhaga 3.00, Sr. L. Minor 5.00, Bro. and Sr. Greiner 1.00, Bro. and Sr. Monkelbaan 5.00, Bro. and Sr. J. Moore 1.00, Bro. and Sr. Hoover 2.75, Total 68.75.

EXPENDITURES—Provisions 48.02, sundry 7.40, gas 2.08, electric 3.24, fuel 17.80, telephone 3.00, Total 81.54.

May the Lord richly bless all who so liberally contributed to His work at this place.
—E. C. and Sr. Bossert.

NEWS NOTES—Upland, Calif.

The Golden Wedding Anniversary of Bro. H. E. and Sr. Emma H. Cassel was observed Jan. 17, 1939 at their home 781 Third Ave., when about 130 brethren, sisters and friends expressed their good wishes by their presence during the afternoon and evening. Members of the Fathers and Mothers in Israel S. S. classes met at 2:00 and all joined in singing hymns. Bro. and Sr. Raymond Neisly sang "Scatter Sunshine" and "Riches of Love" followed by appropriate remarks and prayer by our pastor, Bro. Burkholder. The B. C. Men's Quartette sang a few numbers in the evening. Considerable interest was shown in the old pictures and articles on display about the house, articles in use in the early days of Bro. and Sr. Cassel's married life. They were married in the Maple Grove Church at Donnelsville, Ohio, Jan. 17, 1889, Elder Samuel L. Herr officiating. Bro. Cassel was ordained to the office of deacon at Pleasant Hill, Ohio, 44 years ago, and has served in that capacity ever since.

The Upland church holds a rather remarkable record in that three couples of our congregation have celebrated Fiftieth Wedding Anniversaries within the last year. Bro. and Sr. N. T. Franklin in June; Bro. and Sr. Simon Lenhart in November. Also Bro. and Sr. B. F. Engle celebrated their Sixtieth Wedding Anniversary in October. We appreciate these older members in our group and to each couple the church extends congratulations and wishes them God's best in the days yet to come.

Visitors from India. Bish. Lapp and his wife, veteran missionaries of the Mennonite church were in our services. Bro. Lapp delivering the morning message Sunday,

Jan. 29. He spoke of their work in India, showing the need of Christ being lifted up. Other religions have no Redeemer, only a salvation by self-effort.

District Council convened the evening of Feb. 14. All business was efficiently transacted, plans for several improvements on the school building were presented and accepted. Bro. Alvin Burkholder was re-elected pastor for another year. We crave God's presence among us in an unusual way during the coming year.

Farewells. Our Foreign Mission Day had been planned for Sunday Feb. 19 but with that date set for the sailing of the Charles Engle family, all plans were changed. At prayer meeting on Wednesday evening Bro. Engle gave us the message that had been scheduled for Sunday morning. He spoke of the courage of our dear workers in India in the face of flood losses, also the plans for the enlargement of the work as additional workers are sent out. Bro. and Sr. Engle spoke their last messages to us at an especially called service on Sat. evening. At this same service Bro. and Sr. Paul Engle were ordained to the ministry, Bish. Wagaman officiating. There was no church service on Sunday morning, as most of the congregations and many others, numbering more than 300, gathered at the Harbor to see the S. S. President Pierce sail at 12:00 noon. A short service was held in the Social Hall of the boat, the Victory Quartette singing several numbers. Dr. Mary Stone, internationally known Chinese doctor and missionary, returning to China, joined with us and offered a touching prayer. Hearts were too full for many words, so Bish. Wagaman offered a closing prayer and final good-byes were spoken. The church will miss Bro. and Sr. Engle, Mary Lou and Phyllis Jeane, but we rejoice that God has wonderfully opened the way for their return to India. May God richly bless them, and Ardys, also, as she remains at home to continue her education.

The Missionary sermon Sunday evening was a fitting climax to the week-end events when Bro. Fred Abel brought the message, "The Value of a Name" Acts 4:12. The scene of the morning was cited as an example of the consecration needed to bring the all-powerful Name to all people. God spoke to our souls through the events of the day and we trust that He may have His way.

The Spring Revival is scheduled to be held from March 1 to 12, with Bro. Edward Gilmore of Tillsonburg, Ont., Can., as evangelist. We are looking to God for great things and we covet the prayers of the saints in our behalf.

—Edna M. Harman, Cor.

WAINFLEET, ONTARIO

Having looked for Bish. H. Schneider, of Mich., to begin evangelistic services with us the latter part of Nov., we were sorry to receive word the evening before they were to have started, telling of the motor accident in which Sr. Schneider was so seriously injured. Many prayers were offered for her speedy recovery and we are glad to know she is progressing favorably.

At once wrote to Eld. S. Lady, of Mich., who answered the call and began laboring with us Dec. 1. He was with us three weeks and brought the messages with clearness and with the unction of the Holy Spirit. His ministry at Wainfleet was appreciated. A young man and his wife, (a family connection of young parents who were saved last winter), found the Savior and have since united with our Church, also a newly saved young mother, whose husband was

converted and became one with us last year. Others, mostly young people, sought at the altar of prayer for a more definite experience.

The services were fairly well attended. A number of homes were affected by sickness.

We pray God's blessing on our Brother, that he may have souls for his hire, as he continues to labor in other fields for Him.
—Sr. Mattie Pye, Cor.

LEEDEY, OKLAHOMA

A three weeks' revival began at the Red Star Church near Leedey, Oklahoma, with Bro. M. M. Book from Abilene, Kansas, laboring with us faithfully. From night to night the messages came straight, and the saints were fed bountifully, but only a few unsaved people attended the meeting.

Bro. Book won many friends among those who did not attend by visiting them in their homes and praying with them. These are indeed perilous times and the Devil has men bound until they cannot do what they realize they should do. Sinners, who know they should be saved, stand back. There were only two children at the altar during the entire service, though there were those who felt their need and raised their hands for prayer.

The meeting closed very abruptly on account of a heavy rain on Saturday night and Sunday. However, we were very disappointed to miss the Sunday services.

A few nuggets from the many good ones are:

"If one dose of salvation is good, ought not two be better?"

"Why art thou so lean, Oh! child of a King?"

"Cleansing does not de-humanize anybody, we still need wisdom from above."

"It did not take long to change the Philipian jailer from a trembling man to a believing man!"

"If I watch a man who is a failure, I'll be a failure."

"The man who covers his sins is a weak man."—Mrs. C. E. Green, Cor.

SIPPO VALLEY REPORT

Evangelistic Meetings at Massillon, Ohio

The meetings began Jan. 1 and continued for two weeks. Bish. R. I. Witter, of Kans., was our evangelist. He brought us a good stirring message each evening and with the accompaniment of the Holy Spirit they came with telling effect, enlightening and encouraging the believer and bringing conviction on the unsaved. The meetings were well attended throughout. The final visible results was the coming to the altar of some of our own number who had grown cold in the service and four others who came for the first time. Bro. Witter leaves with the prayers and good wishes of all. Cor.

MOUNT JOY, PA.

A series of evangelistic meetings was opened at the Cross Roads Church, Florin, Pa., Jan. 29th, in charge of Bish. William J. Myers of Massillon, Ohio.

The meetings lasted for three weeks and were well attended throughout. The messages from God's Word were helpful, interesting, inspiring. We are glad to report that a number sought God for the forgiveness of sins, and had a clear testimony afterward. We praise God for what has been accomplished and pray that these precious souls may be kept true to the end. May

God's rich blessing rest on Bro. Myers as he goes on to other fields of labor.

We were glad also to have Bro. Cecil Cullen give us a very interesting missionary message on Sunday morning Feb. 5. May the Lord continue to use him as he goes forth in His service.

—B. Irene Wolgemuth, Cor.

SOUNDERTON NEWS NOTE

Eld. Charles Eshelman brought us the morning service at Sounderton on the 5th of Feb. He read from Heb. 13:5-21. He used the eighth verse "Jesus Christ the same, yesterday, and today and forever," for his text.

We have an unchanging Christ although we are living in a changing world. Possession of material things does not bring happiness—only Jesus can.—Geo. Benner, Cor.

CARLISLE REVIVAL

Rev. Ohmer U. Herr of Englewood, Ohio, came to Carlisle Jan. 29, 1939, and labored with us for two weeks, bringing the Gospel truths in a soul-stirring reality.

Brother Herr was filled with the Holy Spirit and brought forth many precious truths in a powerful and convincing way, to a well filled church night after night and thirty two persons definitely decided for Christ.

For this group a reception service will be held March 5th. May God bless and inspire Bro. Herr, to continue his close communion with the Father on high in whom is all power.—Elizabeth B. Niesley, Cor.

CLARENCE CENTER, NEW YORK

On Sunday evening Jan. 22, a series of meetings began which were conducted by Eld. Albert Engle of Garlin, Ky. He came in our midst filled with the Spirit and love for souls, preaching the old-fashioned Bible truths each night. There were thirty at the altar of prayer; some for a deeper experience and some to be saved. We praise God for answering prayer.

On Saturday the M. B. C. Girls' Quartet came, remaining with us over Sunday. Their spiritual program was greatly appreciated by all. The meetings closed Feb. 12. The attendance was good, considering the weather conditions. We praise God for what has been accomplished here. May He richly bless Bro. Engle in his home fields, as he labors for lost souls. We ask an interest in the prayers of God's children that the revival spirit may continue. "The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad." Psalms 126:3.—Cor., Leah J. Lewis.

Experience

(Continued from page 88)

comes to many a young heart just the same way as he came to me and tells them that there is no use you had better give up. Oh, dear young people, I would say who ever you are and how ever you're tried, don't give up. What does the devil have to offer you? Nothing but sorrow and woe, but the poet says:

"Oh, how happy are they who their Savior obey
And have laid up there treasures above
Tongue can never express the sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love."

I often wished I had lived nearer to my blessed Lord, when I think of how much He suffered for me, but since I am getting older and look back over my past life I can see many places where I could have done more for Him, but I feel like Paul forgetting the things which are behind and pressing forward to the mark of the high calling in Christ Jesus.

I also am glad there came a time in my life when I said "Yes" to the Lord and gave up all for Him. It meant a giving up, but I have never been sorry for the Lord has better things for us. The enemy would come and say, "How do you know you are saved?" and tried to get me in a cloud, but one night I just asked the Lord for assurance to know so I would have something to tell the enemy and this is the promise He gave me: "Rejoice because your name is written in heaven." And since then he does not bother me so much. How I do praise the dear Lord for His promises and also for answers to prayers in day that are past and gone. I am glad He still answers prayer so He has so wonderfully undertaken for me of late as I have been in for some time with the cold. I am trusting Him for my healing as I know He has healed me before.

I want to tell a little experience I had a few years ago. I always knew there was a devil but this time I learned what a personal devil was. I had been poorly for some time and one of my ears began to pain so I thought one morning I would put some oil on cotton and put that in my ear. While working around it didn't seem any better so I said: "Lord, if you will heal my ear I will take this cotton and put it in the stove," I did, and not long after I was singing "Standing on the Promises of God," and I said: "Yes, Lord," and I got down right there and prayed and asked God for a promise and He gave me one. Then the devil came and said: "The Lord won't hear your prayer and won't heal your ear," and I said: "He will for He promised He would and I am going to trust Him anyway," and at that he turned and went away. In one hour's time the pain was gone and I have never had it since, praise His holy name so that gave me more faith to trust Him than before.

I have been reading in some of our old Visitors and see how wonderfully the Lord healed our dear Sister McTaggart many years ago and she is still living. What an inspiration she has been to me when I read her pieces in the Visitor and wish my life could be spent like hers, but we can't be like some one else; we must be what the Lord would have us to be.

Dear Brethren and sisters pray for me that I may be what the Lord wants me to be.

Your Sister in Christ,
Lydia Sheffer, Stayner, Ont.

Hate is a deadly blight that does far worse damage to the hater than the hated; its only cure is the love of Christ and our fellows. When that Love comes in Hate goes out. They cannot keep house together.—Selected.

Know well the Author of all your blessing. Be keen to see His hand in all the affairs of life.—Selected.

Foreign Missions

Bulawayo, South Africa

Dear Bro. Stump:

I am sending herewith a short article on an experience we had in one of our Outstations.

We are having lovely rains this year. We hope for good crops among the people and full rivers. Our water level in the country has fallen very much of recent years.

We were glad to welcome Sisters Breneman and Shenk a week ago last Saturday. We trust that they may find great joy in their service for Christ.

We are well and enjoying the presence of God. Trust you too are all well. With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,
H. H. Brubaker.

An Act of Providence

H. H. Brubaker

THERE are certain things which take place in the experiences of our lives which we describe as "Acts of God". Those more commonly listed are, storms, floods and lightning. These acts are usually considered outside the control of man and hence man is not held accountable for such acts nor for any loss resulting from them. We as Europeans have accepted such acts in the manner described above, but this is not the case in so far as the majority of the Native tribes of South Africa are concerned.

A few days ago lightning struck the Nyumbane Church and burned it to the ground. The building was struck about one o'clock in the afternoon and the roof finally fell in about three o'clock. Most of the school and church equipment was saved. The children who had been at school in the morning had left the building a few hours earlier. This was just a new building having been dedicated last December. In fact school had been held in the completed building less than one week this year. Today only the blackened walls remain standing. So much for the bare facts of the case. But there remains not only the physical labor entailed in rebuilding and the inconvenience of not having a place to hold school in the midst of the rainy season, there is an age old custom of the natives to be reckoned with, there is the mental attitude of the people of the community and most important of all, the reaction of the teacher toward the act of Providence.

The Amandebele, in common with most

of the South African Native tribes, believe that lightning can be used, by those who know how, to kill and destroy man and beast as well as property. As long as lightning does not strike in or near a village, nor destroy herds most Natives are willing to look upon it as an act of nature. When it strikes in or near a village, or kills a man or beast, then it has been sent by an enemy and something must be done about it. The only remedy the heathen Native knows is to get another who is more powerful with his spells and charms and nullify the evil effects and retaliate upon the supposed enemy. This last sentence appears like simple and harmless superstition to more enlightened people but if I could picture before you some of the real suffering, physical and mental, caused by lightning and the efforts to break this vicious circle when once begun you would appreciate more fully the blessings of Christianity. Space forbids my going into all the fears and taboos connected with lightning and its work. Many times I have had long conversations with old men who assured me with the utmost simplicity and sincerity that lightning can be handled and sent by those who know how. They were not lacking in instances where it was supposedly done.

As we said the building was struck about one o'clock but the roof did not fall in till about three. The hatch was very wet by previous rains and rain was falling at the time so it burned very slowly. There would have been opportunity to extinguish the smouldering flame. A ladder was nearby, men came shortly after the building was struck, but no, nothing can be done, nothing dare be done in such a case, it is not ordinary fire if it is fire at all. Heathen custom says anyone touching that which has been struck by lightning will have its power attracted to him and will likely be killed by it at some future time. A fire started by lightning is never put out by heathen Natives. Why? The answer, a shrug of the shoulders and, "Ku umkubo wetu". (It is our custom). The teacher was not present when the building was struck but his brave little wife was nearby and she called some men from nearby villages and it was she I understand who went into the building first and began to take out the school equipment. By the time her husband arrived it was too late to save the building or the remaining furniture. Some of the men helped to take out benches and other things after they saw the teacher's wife go into the building.

Now for a few of the implications of

this misfortune for the Christians of the community with the teacher and for us who have the responsibility of carrying on the work. The teacher is a good Christian, but he is subject to his environment. He is subject to the common human feelings, of fear—mental and physical, to discouragement. All the accumulated distress of ages of superstition has been impressed into his being. He must and will hear the expressions of fear coming from the lips of his 'would-be sympathizers. In most cases they will be miserable comforters. We found him on Saturday ill in bed. He was down hearted and sad. His statement was partly question and partly confession: "I do not know Mfundisi, what sin have I committed?" We tried to assure him that God loves and that in spite of misfortune there are many things for which to be thankful. We had a word of Scripture and prayer with the family. The questions coming to this man's mind but to which he dared not give expression are,— "After all perhaps someone is trying to kill

FOREIGN MISSIONARIES

Africa

General Superintendent

Bishop and Mrs. H. H. Brubaker, Box 711, Bulawayo, So. Rhodesia, So. Africa.

MATOPO MISSION

Elder and Mrs. L. B. Steckley, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Hall, Elder and Mrs. J. Elwood Hershey, Miss Elizabeth Engle, Miss Kathryn Wengert, Matopo Mission, Bulawayo, So. Rhodesia, So. Africa.

MTSHABEZI MISSION

Elder and Mrs. W. O. Winger, Mrs. Emma Frey, Miss Sadie Book, Miss Martha Kauffman, Miss Anna Wolgemuth, Miss Mary Kreider, Miss F. Mabel Frey, Mtshabezi Mission, P. B. 102 "M", Bulawayo, So. Rhodesia, So. Africa.

MACHA MISSION

Elder and Mrs. Elmer Eyer, Miss Anna R. Engle, Miss Verda Moyer, Macha Mission, Choma, N. Rhodesia, So. Africa.

SIKALONGO MISSION

Elder and Mrs. Roy H. Mann, Miss Annie Winger, Miss Anna Eyster, Sikalongo Mission, Choma, N. Rhodesia, So. Africa.

WANEZI MISSION

Elder and Mrs. J. Paul George, Wanezi Mission, Filabusi, So. Rhodesia, So. Africa.

India

General Superintendent

Bishop and Mrs. A. D. M. Dick, Saharsa, B. N. W. Ry., Dist. Bhagalpur, India.

SAHARSA

Miss Anna M. Steckley, Miss Esther Buckwalter, Miss Leora Yoder, Miss Ella Gayman, Saharsa, B. N. W. Ry., Dist. Bhagalpur, India.

SUPAUL

Elder and Mrs. George Paulus, Miss M. Effie Rohrer, Supaul, B. N. W. Ry., Dist. Bhagalpur, India.

LONDON

Miss Edna E. Lehman, Missionary School of Medicine, 2 Powis Place, Great Ormond St., London W. C. 1, England.

MISSIONARIES ON FURLOUGH

Bro. and Sr. C. A. Winger, Upland, Calif. Elder and Mrs. Cecil I. Cullen, Gormley, Ont. Mrs. Sallie K. Doner, Campbellstown, Pa. Mrs. Naomi Lady, Morrill, Kans., c. o. L. J. Smith.

me. Will this faith in Jesus Christ of whom we have learned from the Missionaries really help me now? Should I not perhaps follow the advice of some of the old men and go to a heathen witch doctor for help? What if it should prove true as the old people say that where lightning once struck it will come back again for the eggs which have been deposited, (Lightning is thought to be a large bird) Should we not move away from this locality?"

Upon the results of this man's ability to find the answers to the above questions in God will depend the future of Nyumbane School. His future as a Christian is also bound up in those questions. Will you help us pray for him that his faith fail not.

Matopo News

MATOPPO Training Institute Opens. The Primary School opened with an enrollment of 147. These children come everyday from their homes in the community and some live a distance of five miles from the mission. The Boarding or Central Primary school opened with an enrollment of 113. The Teacher Training School opened with 30 enrolled. This year brought the largest number of boys ever enrolled in the history of the Institute. It is especially significant because Standard II is no longer taught in the Boarding School, both in the Kraal Schools. By every indication we should have a very profitable school year.

Sindebele Examinations. During the first week of January Sr. Wengert and Bro. and Sr. Hershey, received their examination returns, which signified that they have passed their first year of Sindebele Study. Later in the month Bro. and Sr. Hall sat for the Second Year Sindebele examination and successfully passed.

Visitors. Sr. Anna Engle from Macha Mission, visited here for two days on her return trip from a short furlough at the Cape.

Later we enjoyed the short visit of Rev. Strickland from Northern Rhodesian, located at the Pemba Mission, which is under the Pilgrim Holiness Society.

Sr. Wolgemuth and Sr. Kauffman spend several days visiting at Rockview, the home of the Bish. and Sr. Brubaker, during which time they occasionally visited Matopo.

The Bish. and Sr. Brubaker and Sr. Wolgemuth visited Silobe School for Sunday Service. More than 150 were in attendance. The following Sunday Dula School was visited, accompanied by another group and although a very rainy Sunday more than 60 attended the service. Several stayed for special prayer.

Special Committees. The Christian Service League Committee met at the General Superintendent's home and outlined a new



Macha Children

Let me introduce to you some of our little Sunday School children here at Macha. But this was not really taken to represent S. S. children, as we would have many more of them than these. But they are to show you the rising generation who are being brought up in quite a different atmosphere than their parents were. With one exception only, these are all children of Christian parents who live here in this community. Of some of them only one parent is a member, but still even that makes quite a difference over those who do not

have any Christian influence at all.

We had asked for those who had Christian parents to come for their picture, but one little boy got in that we did not know of, but perhaps he thought he belonged to the crowd for at one time his father was a professing Christian.

These are not near all of the children that we might have had who have Christian parentage but a fair representation. They attend services here and as well many of them are taught in school during the week.

We would to God that they would all grow up to be men and women of God and followers of the true and living way.

A. E. Winger.

system especially adapted for the Native Youth. After their proposals go into effect we hope to hear more of the League Movement.

The Hospital Committee met on the same day and discussed things relative to medical work and for the further development in the medical field.

Medical Service. Six burn cases came in for treatment the past month. They were all children and are recovering nicely. 270 treatments were given to the students and 62 Out-Patients came for medical aid.

Missionaries Arrived. Sr. Mary Brene-man returned to the field, accompanied by Sr. Martha Shenk. They spent a few days at Matopo Mission while waiting for the Executive Board to meet and give them assignments.

—Mrs. J. Elwood Hershey.

Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days. Give a portion to seven, and also to eight; for thou knowest not what evil shall be upon the earth.—Solomon's Songs 11:1, 2.

Returned Missionary from China

MRS. MABEL HENSLEY, whose husband and children are now in China, is on a speaking tour in the United States, relative to her work in that distant land. She expects to go back before long.

It is good to know that Jesus has not changed from what He was when He was on earth in the flesh. The missionary was traveling along one day when a woman leper approached her. The native was still in heathen darkness, and horribly marked by the malady that had long since seized upon her.

Grasping the missionary with her diseased hands, she cried defiantly, "Do you still say that your Jesus can heal?"

The woman was given an affirmative answer.

With a wild look in her eyes, and taking firmer hold on the missionary, she declared, "I will not leave you, then, until He heals me."

For a moment the missionary's heart almost failed. She thought of what it would

(Continued on page 96)

Our Young People

A Persistent Partner and a Cursing Woman

J. W. Montgomery

FOR several months I was in a city that had a vast unchurched section. Fortunately I had a good partner with whom to labor in this needy field, and had already come to feel quite calm when approaching a person or home while working for the Lord.

All went well until one day we came to a place that we referred to afterwards as "the home of the cursing woman." At this place we were met at the door by a young woman who seemed pleasant enough until she knew that we were Christian workers, and would like to have her read our literature. She slammed the door and began to curse. I had never heard a woman use such awful language before. She said it was none of our business if she wanted to go to the hell the religious people raved about. While she was cursing inside the house my friend knelt down and prayed a short prayer, slipping some tracts under the door as we started to leave. I was quite willing to leave some "tracts" myself, but preferred to have the toes of mine pointing toward the sidewalk.

As we started away my friend said, "Pretty tough place, don't you think?" I did not have to think. I fully agreed without taking time to reason. He said, "We shall go back there this same hour next week."

"You mean you shall," I broke in.

"I mean we shall," he replied.

That same hour of the same day the next week we went back. The young woman opened the door and saw us. She started her same line again. "I'll shoot you if it's the last thing I do if you ever come back here again with that religious stuff," she declared, as she slammed the door with a mighty crash!

We knelt and prayed, then slipped some tracts under the door and left.

"How about going back again?" my friend asked as we went away.

"I hardly think it can get any worse," I answered, "and I should like to see if she will ever change her attitude."

About the same hour of the same day of the next week we were knocking at her door. She opened the door and looked us over. I wondered as I tried to read her expression if she was more amused than angry, and sincerely hoped she might be. Then her curiosity got the better of her and she said, "Well, I will swear to creation."

She had no trouble convincing me. I expected her to start in any minute. But instead she asked:

"What kind of fellows are you anyway?"

My friend told her in a remarkably nice manner that we were sinners who had been saved by the grace of God, and that we would like so much to help her into the Kingdom of God.

She told him that she had no disposition whatever to get religion, but that she was glad we had returned. She wanted to tell us that our coming to speak to her on such a subject had made her awfully nervous, and that was why she had used such strong language on our previous visits. She then kindly requested that we stay away, and not approach her on that subject again.

I knew no more than to suggest that if she would permit us to step inside and offer prayer maybe the Lord would fix up her nerves and she would be all right. It seemed to amuse her to think we would offer as a remedy the same thing that had made her sick.

"No," she replied, "I do not think that will help. At least your prayers have not helped my nerves so far." Then in a rather soft tone of voice she said, "I do not want to be unkind, (and that was certainly news to us) but if you are really concerned about me, please don't talk to me any more about that, for I have felt simply dreadful for the past two weeks."

We asked her if she would at least accept and promise to read some of our literature. She said, "I will not promise to read it, but I will take it to keep you from poking it under the door."

As we went away I suggested that since she had asked us so kindly to stay away it seemed a bit cruel to return. But my friend knew more about dealing with humanity than I did, and he said that deep down in her heart, it would be a disappointment to her if we failed to return and help her into the Kingdom of God.

Consequently the next week we made our fourth call to that home. The young woman opened the door and greeted us in a kindly manner. She said she was glad we came, for she had come to feel she would like to explain to us that she now wished that she had not talked to us as she did the first time we came to the door. She said she had suffered a lot over the things she had said to us, and she had come to think that perhaps she would not suffer any more if she would tell us that she wished she had not acted in such a manner.

My friend told her that we gladly forgave her, but that the Lord had heard all she said, and she should ask Him to forgive her. We then asked permission to step inside and pray a word. She said we might if we would make it short. We agreed. As we started to leave after a short prayer I asked her if we might return and pray with her the next week. "It would be mighty kind of you," she answered.

We went away feeling that a hard-fought battle had been almost won, and that victory was sure if we held on in faith for our subject.

Before we knocked on the door on our fifth visit the door swung open. The young woman greeted us by saying, "Come in. You are a bit late, are you not?" We told her it was about the usual time.

Then she began to tell us how very sorry she was for the way she had treated us,

and in the best manner she knew she earnestly asked us to forgive her. We assured her that it was all right as far as we were concerned, and urged her to pray. She soon was on her knees crying as if her poor heart would break, as she confessed her sins to the Lord and pleaded for mercy.

The light of heaven soon broke in on her soul, and she was truly made a new creature. With tears of gladness coursing down her cheeks she expressed her joy in a loud tone of voice, and in typical street language. One time she said, "Oh, say, folks, I never knew religion was like this."

She urged us to come back the next Sunday and insisted that if we could talk to her husband he would get saved. We went, but he was not at home. She explained that he had gone to the pool hall but she said, "I'll tell you it's working on him—you bet your bottom dollar it is! I've been saying thanks at the table. I don't know how to pray, but I just say, 'Thank you, Lord, for the bread, and for the meat and beans,' but it is getting there just the same, you bet it is." We had prayer with her, and went away promising to return the next Sunday in the hope of meeting her husband.

The following Sunday we made our seventh visit to "The home of the cursing woman." Her husband was here. She greeted us by saying "Come right in, fellows, he's here, and say, boy, he can't stand any more of this, he's ready to pray right now." He glanced at us and nodded when she presented us to him, and then slumped down on his knees by the side of the bed. He made all kinds of confessions, and begged humbly before the Lord for mercy. He was soon wonderfully converted.

I kept in touch with them off and on for almost five years, and they were still living for God the last time I heard from them.

—Personal Evangelism.

Outrunning a Sheriff

The Sprinting Ability of a Boy From the Mountains Made it Possible for Him to go to School

THERE were no athletic scouts or coaches from neighboring universities present on the occasion to test this young mountain lad's ability. There was merely a husky sheriff and a county school superintendent.

This young man—we shall call him Sam to make the story easier to tell—was born in the Big Smoky Mountains. He had a righteous mother, who urged him to go to the mountain school operated by the missionary board. But the father, who made his living by manufacturing moonshine liquor, insisted that Sam should help him at the still. There was a constant pull from these opposite points of view.

Once Sam and his mother walked several miles down the mountain to look over this wonderful school, and the boy came back home, inspired with an ambition to attend. Then the mother took ill and died of tuberculosis. This left the father in full charge of the boy's future. He took Sam and taught him the moonshine business.

Three times the sheriff came up the mountain to capture the still, but three times Sam and his father escaped. On each oc-

casion they found a new location and the still was soon running again. But one day, while at work, Sam and his father had a disagreement and Sam slipped off and went to the school.

Arrangements were made at a mountain farmhouse for the boy to room there and do chores for his "keep." He came in the school wagons to his classes.

Sam had not been there long when one day, as the school wagons drove up to unload their children, the superintendent noticed the sheriff lounging around the grounds. All of the children got out of the wagons but Sam.

The sheriff came over to the wagon.

"Come on down, young feller," he commanded.

But Sam only shook his head and stayed where he was.

With a grunt, the sheriff began clambering into the wagon, but as he came up one side Sam went down the other. The sheriff lunged at him, but Sam's athletic ability came to the fore. He outran the sheriff, twice around the wagon, across the creek, up a steep hill. Finally, with his pursuer well behind he disappeared into the bushes.

The superintendent, who had been watching all this time, went out to discover what it was all about.

"He's been moonshining with his pa," the sheriff explained. "I've tried three times to get them, and they get away some how. But I'll get them yet."

"Couldn't you let the boy be?" the superintendent asked. And he went on to tell how Sam had broken with his father, how anxious he was to get an education.

"All right," the sheriff agreed at last. "So long as he stays in school and makes good, I'll leave him be."

The sheriff left. After he had gone, the superintendent went up into the bushes and found Sam. The news of the agreement with the sheriff was told, and Sam went back to school.

But the boy became discouraged. Studies were sometimes difficult. At such times he left school to work in a sawmill or on a farm. Each time the superintendent went out, found Sam, and brought him back to school. Finally, though, Sam settled down to school and finished his course of study with honors.

After being graduated from the missionary school, the boy who had outrun the sheriff went to college and began work for the ministry. After college he was assigned to a circuit of five churches and a school. He is now both pastor and teacher. Beginning with almost nothing, he has developed an excellent school. His work has been so outstanding that the county and state are building a new \$20,000 schoolhouse for his mountain people.

—Ezra M. Cox, in *Christian Advocate*.

The Bill

In 1936 the brewers and distillers spent \$16,000,000 for newspaper advertising, \$4,000,000 for radio publicity and enough for billboards signs, etc., to bring the total up to \$25,000,000. The consumption of distilled liquors increased from 38,000,000 gallons in the first year after the repeal of

prohibition, 1934, to 75,000,000 gallons in 1935 and to 100,000,000 gallons in 1936; and to the perfectly appalling total of 449,000,000 gallons of distilled liquor produced in 1936 as contrasted with 181,000,000 gallons produced in 1914.

The cost of this liquor bill to consumers is conservatively estimated at \$3,500,000,000. Other estimates place the cost as high as \$5,000,000,000.—*The Searchlight*.

Richard Makes a Promise

RICHARD twisted and squirmed in his seat. School was a very dull place. If a fellow could just be let alone and not sent to school!

"I'd learn enough to do me, anyway," he thought rebelliously. "And I'd have plenty of time then to do interesting things like flyin' my kite, and skatin', and goin' to the zoo. I wish I lived on an island where there wasn't any school."

Daddy and mother and the law were all bent on giving him an education.

"Richard!" It was Miss Emory's crisp voice. "What is five times nine?"

Richard's head was suddenly in a whirl. He wished earnestly that whoever it was invented the multiplication table had never been born.

"All right, Richard! Five times nine?" Miss Emory's patience was running low.

"Er—five times nine equals sixty-three," said Richard desperately. He knew it wasn't right. But when he had to write five time nine equals forty-five twenty times, and hand it in, he was crosser than two sticks.

So he stopped by on the road home to tell Uncle Benny. Uncle Benny, mind you, was no more kin to Richard than he is to you or me, but there are some men every one calls "uncle," and Uncle Benny was one of them. He was one-legged and old and rather dirty always. But he had a kind, funny, wrinkly smile and a soft, drawling voice, and he knew any number of first-class stories. He had a tray that hung from his shoulders with pencils and shoe-strings and matches in it. But he didn't have many customers; so he had time nearly always to talk to Richard.

So that day Richard stopped by and began to tell Uncle Benny how he hated school, and how he could not learn the multiplication tables, and then he said wistfully, "Did you have to go to school, Uncle Benny?"

The old man's leathery face puckered into a rueful expression. "No sonny," he said, "I didn't have to. I could-a-went, thought. But I was like you. I didn't like it. And them days they didn't make children to go to school.

"I 'lowed I'd sell papers and get some money to do as I pleased with."

Richard nodded. He had known Uncle Benny would understand.

"And so," went on the old man, "I did, and I liked it fust rate. No teacher to boss

me. I did just as I pleased. I got along all right them times. But after a while, when I was grown and married and had a little boy of my own, I wanted to do better.

"And, sonny, I found out then that you need to know somethin' 'bout books to get along much. And I didn't have no time then to go to school. I had to work hard to make enough to eat. And, long time later, when my little boy was grown and gone, I was too old to larn books. Then the street cars ran over me and I lost my leg. I was in the hospital for a long time, and when they brought me this wooden leg it was very hard to get about at first. I have been sellin' pencils and such ever since. Now, you see, if I'd a learnt somethin' when I had a chance I could use my head now when my body's worn out, and I could live nice and decent. And my boy 'ud be proud of me like you are of your daddy. I guess he studied at schools!"

Richards chest swelled a bit. "He did!" he said. "And he was very poor then. But he learned everything he could. And everybody respected him. And he kept learning till he got a fine job and made lots of money."

"That's it," nodded Uncle Benny. "Now, when you get to hating school, you mind about me. And you think about what education done for your daddy. And when you're old like me you won't be thinkin' about havin' to go to the poor-house, either!"

Richard looked at the worn old face, so dismal and hopeless looking. He felt mighty sorry for Uncle Benny. But he nodded very solemnly and said: "All right, Uncle Benny, I'll remember." And he did.

—*The Weymouth Baptist*.

"Wait Until After Christmas"

TENS of thousands of times will these words be spoken in the days of December. It would be well if they were spoken in answer to the multitude of calls that come for the incidentals of Christmas time. The real tragedy is that we "wait until after Christmas" for the real message and meaning of Christmas—for the celebration of the coming King.

"Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people"—and half the world waits yet for the Christmas message. We feast and make merry and shower gifts upon our friends. We are busy with many things until we have no time for the realities of Christmas.

"Wait until after Christmas" all ye hosts of clamoring social activities. Let us have Christmas for the celebration of the coming of our King. Let us have time for our children at Christmas, time for our Church, time for the poor and needy, time for centering our thoughts and our activities on giving "to all people" the message of Christmas.—*Selected*.

Returned Missionary from China

(Continued from page 93)

mean if she should catch the awful disease. She knew if she pushed the woman away by main force, it would cripple her work in that locality, and cause the leper to go on into deeper darkness. There was only One to whom she could come for help, only one direction left for her to look, and so that missionary prayed to Jesus, and looked up tremblingly above. This is absolutely true. It can be proved. Right before the missionary's eyes, that woman was perfectly healed, just a short time ago. Faith and works went together. The healing was complete. God, our Blessed Heavenly Father, sends this mighty challenge to all people, "Is there anything too hard for the Lord?" "With God all things are possible."

Jesus Christ came to save every one who would trust and obey. He is a Living Saviour, an All-sufficient Savior, the Alpha and the Omega.—Z. I. Davis, C. O. G.

A Hospital Reading Circle

"**L**IKELY about a month."

For a busy woman who was used to doing things the doctor's answer to the question, "How long will I have to stay at the hospital?" was not especially inspiring.

"It won't seem long," he added encouragingly, "because you know you can roll around in your wheel chair after this week."

The Patient sighed, "Please hand me my book," she said to the nurse as the doctor went out.

"What are you reading?" asked the other Patient in her double room.

"The New Mission Study Book. I was ready to get up a Reading Circle in our Church when I met with this dreadful accident, and now I can't do a thing."

"Cheer up," encouraged Patient Number Two. "I'll join. I was on my way to a Mission Study class when an automobile struck me."

"Isn't that great!" said Patient Number One, with enthusiasm. "I don't mean the automobile striking you, but the idea of having a Reading Circle in the hospital. It'll work too. People would join anything in a hospital."

That was the beginning of it. There was a rapid succession of events which resulted in two friendly-rival Reading Circles. Missionary books, leaflets and magazines were included. In a few days two wheel chairs were running races up and down corridors, in parlors and out on the sun porch.

Gossip travel fast even in hospitals and soon everyone knew about the Reading Circles. The head nurse kept close watch to see that no patient was annoyed and

the staff physicians, noting what an added impetus was being given to the complete recovery of convalescent patients, agreed that a bulletin announcing the daily score should be placed in the hall. Doctors, nurses, and other members of the hospital staff became so interested that they joined, and after reading a leaflet, read a book.

The end? Why, the end isn't in sight yet. Two nurses and one doctor decided

to go into medical mission work, a number of men and women who had never known anything of missions were interested and half a dozen people decided to have reading circles if they ever got home alive.

—Selected.

Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked. Ps. 91:8.



The
Sunshine Line

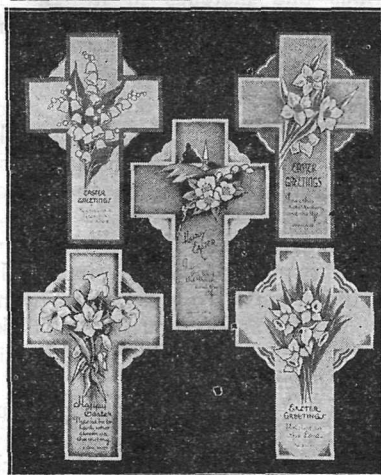
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